

THE TIMES MAGAZINE PAGE

The Adventure Of The Blue Carbuncle

PART TWO.

By A. CONAN DOYLE
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The story so far:
About four o'clock on a Christmas morning Peterson, the commissionaire, was returning home from a small jollification. In front of him he saw in the light of a street lamp a tallish man, walking with a slight stagger, carrying a white goose along over his shoulder. At the street corner a row occurred between this man and some roughs. The man raised his stick to defend himself and with it broke a window. Alarmed at this, and seeing Peterson following him, he ran away, dropping his hat and the goose. Peterson picked them up. On the goose was a card with the words "for Mrs. Henry Baker," and in the hatband were the initials H. B. Peterson took the hat to Sherlock Holmes and took the goose home, but soon rushed back to the great detective with a beautiful jewel his wife had found in the goose's crop. Holmes recognized this as the Countess of Morcar's blue carbuncle, lost five days before at the Hotel Cosmopolitan, for which a reward of a thousand pounds was offered. John Horner, a plumber, who had been mending a broken grate in the Countess's room, had been arrested for the robbery.

TODAY'S INSTALLMENT.

"Hum! So much for the police court," said Holmes thoughtfully, tossing aside the paper. "The question for us now to solve is the sequence of events leading from a rifled jewel case at one end to the finding of a goose in Tottenham Court Road at the other. You see, Watson, our little deductions have suddenly assumed a much more important and less innocent aspect. Here is the stone; the stone came from the goose, and the goose came from Mr. Henry Baker, the gentleman with the bad hat and all the other characteristics with which I have bored you. So now we must set ourselves very seriously to finding this gentleman, and ascertaining what part he has played in this little mystery. To do this, we must try the simplest means first, and these lie undoubtedly in an advertisement in all the evening papers. If this fails, I shall have recourse to other methods."

"What will you say?"
"Give me a pencil and that slip of paper. Now then: 'Found at the corner of Goudge Street, a goose and a black felt hat. Mr. Henry Baker can have the same by applying at 6.30 this evening at 221-B Baker Street.' That is clear and concise."
"Very. But will he see it?"
"Well, he is sure to keep an eye on the papers, since to a poor man, the loss was a heavy one. He was clearly so scared by his misadventure in breaking the window and by the approach of Peterson, that he thought of nothing but flight; but since then he must have bitterly regretted the impulse which caused him to drop the papers, and he will be sure to find his name will cause him to see it, for every one who knows him will direct his attention to it. Here you are, Peterson, run down to the news agency, and have this put in the evening papers."

"In which, sir?"
"Oh, in the Globe, Star, Pall Mall, Standard, Evening News, Standard, Echo and any others that occur to you."

"Very well, sir. And this stone?"
"Ah, yes, I shall keep the stone. Thank you. And, I say, Peterson, just buy a goose on your way back, and leave it here with me, for we must have one to go with the goose. It is the place of the one which your family is now devouring."

When the commissionaire had held it against the light, "It's a bonny thing," said he. "Just see how it glints and sparkles. Of course it is a nucleus and focus of evil forces. I have seen the devil's footprints on it. In the larger and older jewels every facet may stand for a bloody deed. This stone is not yet a year old. It was found in the banks of the Amoy River in Southern China, and is remarkable in having every characteristic of the carbuncle, save that it is blue in shade, instead of ruby red. In spite of its youth, it has already a sinister history. There have been two murders, a virginal throwing, a suicide, and several robberies brought about for the sake of this 48-grain weight of crystallized charcoal. Who would think that so pretty a toy would be a purveyor to the devil and the prison? I'll lock it up in my strong box now, and drop a line to the countess to say that we have it."

"Do you think that this man Horner is innocent?"
"I cannot tell."
"Well, then, do you imagine that this other, Henry Baker, had anything to do with the robbery?"
"It is, I think, much more likely that Henry Baker is an absolutely innocent man, who had no idea that the bird which he bought was the cause of considerably more value than if it were made of solid gold. That, however, I shall determine by a simple test. You can do nothing until then."

"In that case I shall continue my professional round. But I shall come back in the evening at the hour you have mentioned, for I should like to see the solution of so tangled a business."

"Very glad to see you, I dine at seven. There is a woodcock, I believe. By-the-way, in view of recent occurrences, perhaps I ought to ask Mrs. Hudson to examine his crop."

I had been dining at a cafe, and it was a little after half-past six when I found myself in Baker Street once more. As I approached the house I saw a tall man in a Scotch bonnet and a white coat, who was buttoned up to his chin, waiting outside in the bright semicircle which was thrown from the fanlight of the door. The door was opened, and we were shown up together to Holmes's room.

"Mr. Henry Baker, I believe," said he, rising from his Scotch chair and greeting his visitor with the easy air of familiarity which he could so readily assume. "Pray take this chair by the fire, Mr. Baker. It is a cold night, and I observe that your circulation is more adapted for summer than for winter. Ah, Watson, you have just come at the right time. Is that your hat, Mr. Baker?"

"Yes, sir, that is undoubtedly my hat."

Holmes was a massive head and a broad, intelligent face, sloping down to a pointed beard of grizzled brown. A touch of red in nose and cheeks, with a slight tremor of his extended hand, recalled Holmes's surmise as

Delightfully Demure and Dainty Is the Lingerie

When A Girl Marries

By ANN LISLE.

At about 8 o'clock it stopped raining. I decided to forsake my lonely chair in the lobby of the Inlet House and go out for a walk. It seemed to me that the poker players must be tired and headachy now from their long confinement in Lane Cosby's room, and that Valerie or even Jim might like to go with me for a breath of air. So I hurried around to the door and tapped gently. No answer. The rapper smartly, and after a minute or two Lane Cosby came to the door. His coat was off and his sleeves rolled above his elbows. The room was heavy with smoke. Every man but Jim had removed his coat. Valerie was in their midst, narrow-eyed and nonchalant, smoking a cigarette and ruffling the edges of her cards with a slim forefinger. There was a tray of sandwiches and ginger ale on a side table.

"It's cleared," I announced, with waning enthusiasm. "I thought you might have noticed it. So, first, turning your attention to it. Who's for a walk with me?"

Before anyone else could answer, Jim looked up, the crease between his eyebrows folding in and the brows themselves twitching as if I'd never been seen. He said, "I'd rather beat a tattoo on the table than be hunched—his gambling posture."

"My wife doesn't know poker—or understand its excitement," he explained, jerkingly, while I stood humiliated at having him explain me to the three strange men who were in the room. "The game's not over."

Probably won't be—till when did we say? Oh, yes, 6:30. Run along, child, and take your walk."

Valerie looked up, smiled at me, waved the hand holding her cigarette. Then the door closed to a murmured, "I'm sorry" from Lane Cosby.

When I got to my room I found that I no longer cared to take a walk. "Of course I can't go out," I told myself, walking over to the window and stretching my eyes wide and holding them fixed and solemn on slim, white, spindly legs, as they lay far away. "How could I go out in the wet without rubbers? And I haven't any. So of course I can't go out. None of us can possibly today."

Then I flung myself down on the bed to rest for the evening. But I had no physical weariness from which to rest, and no refuge from my own thoughts.

All day long no one had paid the least attention to me. I simply had not counted. That was a bad mistake. In Valerie Cosby's stuffy, untidy room, my unchained, the dragging hours, how different it would have been if I'd stayed with Betty!

Betty would have thought of me, ill and suffering, she would have been a kinder hostess than the spoiled beauty few doors away.

Contrasting Terry, tall and trim and perfectly groomed, with Lane Cosby, whom his wife called a "big brown bear" was almost funny. And there would have been Tony, too—kind, unselfish, patient, dependable Tony with his steady, ice-blue eyes under heavy brows that didn't twitch.

I brought myself back with a start. With whom was I contrasting Tony?

Then I must have dozed, for all of a sudden I heard Jim's voice crying: "Haven't you started dressing yet? It's seven and yet you're not ready. An hour. Val left us an hour ago. Now try to look half-way decent, Anne."

So I got up and tried. But I'd only my old gray and rose dress and a feeling of being abused because I hadn't been given enough notice to send down to Wickham's for the stunning lace and jet dress which Betty probably had finished up in a hurry.

And when we got downstairs there was Valerie in a slim, girlish thing—white brocade and jet—like a new bride, a cross between gardenia and polka-dots.

"How dear you look—like strawberry ice cream!" she cried, smilingly. That made me very conscious of the contrast we presented—ice cream and flowers.

All through the dinner she was smoothly sweet to me and creamily deferential to her husband and fashionably brilliant when she turned to Jim the many-faceted nature she chose him to see.

I had a bad time of it holding my end. I was dazed, but I didn't manage a gracious manner. My head ached. Ideas wouldn't come. Presently that ordeal ended like a bad dream.

Then dancing began. Partners, but they didn't matter. In the foreground of my consciousness was the fact that I hadn't seen Jim and Valerie since their fourth dance. I kept going till midnight. The found Lane Cosby and told him that had a headache and was going to bed.

"Little Val was tired and went long ago," he replied indifferently. "Then you don't think me rude," I said gratefully.

"Not a bit of it. Run along."

So I ran along. When I got upstairs it occurred to me that it might be only decent to stop at Valerie's door and see if there was anything I could do for her. I turned down and knocked over so lightly. No answer.

"Mrs. Cosby—it's Anne. Can I do anything for you?" I whispered.

Still no answer. In a moment of stupor I turned the knob. It gave. The door opened and I stepped over the threshold. The room was empty.

(To Be Continued.)

NO CRIME TO FORCE PERSONS TO TAKE BATH

London.—It has been ruled in England that forcing a person to take a bath does not constitute a crime.

In an action against the Rochford board of guardians, the plaintiff claimed \$500 for assault, among her allegations were that she was forced to take a bath, put to bed, kept a prisoner for forty-eight hours, and generally ill-treated.

The judge inquired whether she made any protest against the bathing. Mrs. Hodder replied that she did until two nurses got her dress off, when she submitted and said: "All right, girls; I'll have a bath."

In giving judgment of the guardians, the judge said that although Mrs. Hodder had been treated harshly, yet he thought that the reviewing officer who saw her, had acted in good faith.

THE RECTOR'S CHAPTER of St. John's Episcopal church held a tea and food sale at the parish house this afternoon.

THE MEMBERS OF THE HARRY W. CONGDON POST, American Legion, will hold a whist and pinocle at the club rooms this evening.

REV. RICHARD D. HAPCHS of Southport will be the speaker at the Friday evening Lenten service at St. Luke's church this week.



Upper Insert—Simplicity makes for the charm of this combination of flesh-colored crepe de chine, on which ribbon and a bit of baby Irish lace are the only elaboration. Lower Insert—Tucked and trimmed with Valenciennes lace in the bodice of this silken "nightie."

Beauty Chats

By Edna Kent Forbes

ANSWERS TO LETTERS.

Very Thanks—Glycerine and rose water applied to the face will not encourage the growth of hair. There is nothing except the electric needle, which will remove superfluous hair permanently from the face.

How—You can discourage the growth by rubbing the skin with a mixture of equal parts of peroxide and ammonia. You may use it at meal times, after you have washed your face.

Weepy—You probably have a habit of biting your lips, which causes them to crack and peel in cold weather. Do not bite the lips and do not moisten them with your tongue, when you are out in the cold. It would be a good thing if you bought a lip stick of white cold cream—this would prevent chapping.

D. M. W.—If the skin on your face peels, your complexion is too dry and you require a good cold cream. One made with olive or almond oil would be best.

All inquiries addressed to Miss Forbes in care of the "Beauty Chats" department will be answered in these columns in their turn. This requires considerable time, however, owing to the great number of letters. If in a personal or quicker reply is desired, a stamped and self-addressed envelope must be enclosed with the question.—The Editor.

THE REGULAR MEETING of the Daughters of Isabelle will be held in the club room, 189 State street on next Monday evening.

MISS LILLIAN SULLIVAN, organist at St. Patrick's church is arranging a varied program of Irish music to be presented at the church on March 13th, the Sunday evening preceding St. Patrick's Day.

Broken-Hearted—Biting the nails is a nervous habit which you can only overcome by using your will-power. You might try rubbing alum on the nails as a reminder, since you will get a bitter taste whenever you begin to bite your nails. Instead of taking one nail in your mouth, take three to get rid of pimples.

Anxious—Put sulphur ointment on the entire scalp and once every two weeks shampoo with sulphur. If in a month or so, the scalp marks are still there, you had better be examined by a scalp specialist.

Anxious—An excellent powder to clear the skin of blackheads is made as follows:

Corn or wheat starch, two ounces
Powdered borax, one ounce
Almond meal, two ounces
Mix this and use it with soap or instead of soap. Wash the skin with hot water, rub in a small quantity of the powder, rinse out with hot water and then with cold.

Massage in a good cold cream, then wash the face thoroughly with hot water and castile soap. Follow this by a cold rinse or an ice rub. The starch treatment you mention would be very good if you had an oily complexion.

Well, then, I shan't tell you. So now?

"Oh, it is a matter of no importance, but I don't know why you should be so warm over such a trifle."

"Warm? You'd be as warm, maybe, if you were as pestered as I am. When I pay good money for a good article there should be an end of the business; but it's 'Where are the geese?' and 'Who did you sell the geese to?' and 'What will you take for the geese?' One would think they were the only geese in the world. I hear the fuss that is made over them."

"Well, I have no connection with any other people who have been making inquiries," said Holmes, carelessly. "If you won't tell us the bet is off, that is all. But I'm always ready to back my opinion on a matter of geese, and I have a hunch that the bird I ate is country bred."

"Well, then, you've lost your fiver, for it's town bred," snapped the salesman.

"It's nothing of the kind," I said. "I don't believe it."

"You think you know more about fowls than I, who have handled them ever since I was a nipper? I tell you, all those birds that went to the 'Alpha' were town bred."

Listen, World! Advice To The Lovelorn

By ELSIE ROBINSON.

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Did you ever stop to think how much more comfortable Family Life would be if we had to treat our relations as politely as if they were strangers? Sounds sorta chilling, but stop and consider the facts.

What do the loving home tie usually signify?

Interference—large, gloomy gods of interference—criticism, nagging, bossing, bothering, butting in—that's the line of action we think blood relationship gives us the right to put over them.

Think of some family conversations you've heard. Not crabby families—but the truly affectionate gangs who from go to go stake for each other. Take it from me, World, they'll do and say things in the name of Family Love that would result in a hurry stoppage of the ambulance if anyone tried it down at the office.

They'll spill secrets and bust up plans with no more regard for each other's feelings than a cannibal would have if he were borrowing your kind

leg for his evening meal. However, if you suggest that they stop their interference, they're highly indignant. They inform you that they're doing it "for the other's best interests."

Believe it not, I interfere, because we like to interfere, and because we can get by with it in the family. If we tried it any place else we'd get a poke in the eye for it.

It's just plain meddling and bad manners. We handle the piano player with more caution and consideration than we do our kin, and would be long sight jollier to be treated as paying guests.

So I ran along. When I got upstairs it occurred to me that it might be only decent to stop at Valerie's door and see if there was anything I could do for her. I turned down and knocked over so lightly. No answer.

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